

WEIRD THRILLERS

Monster Of The Caverns TENTACLES OF DEATH



10c

SUMMER

No. 4

WEIRD ANC Thrillers

Prophetic Doom
PORTRAIT
OF DEATH

Master Of Guillotine
THE WIDOW'S LOVER



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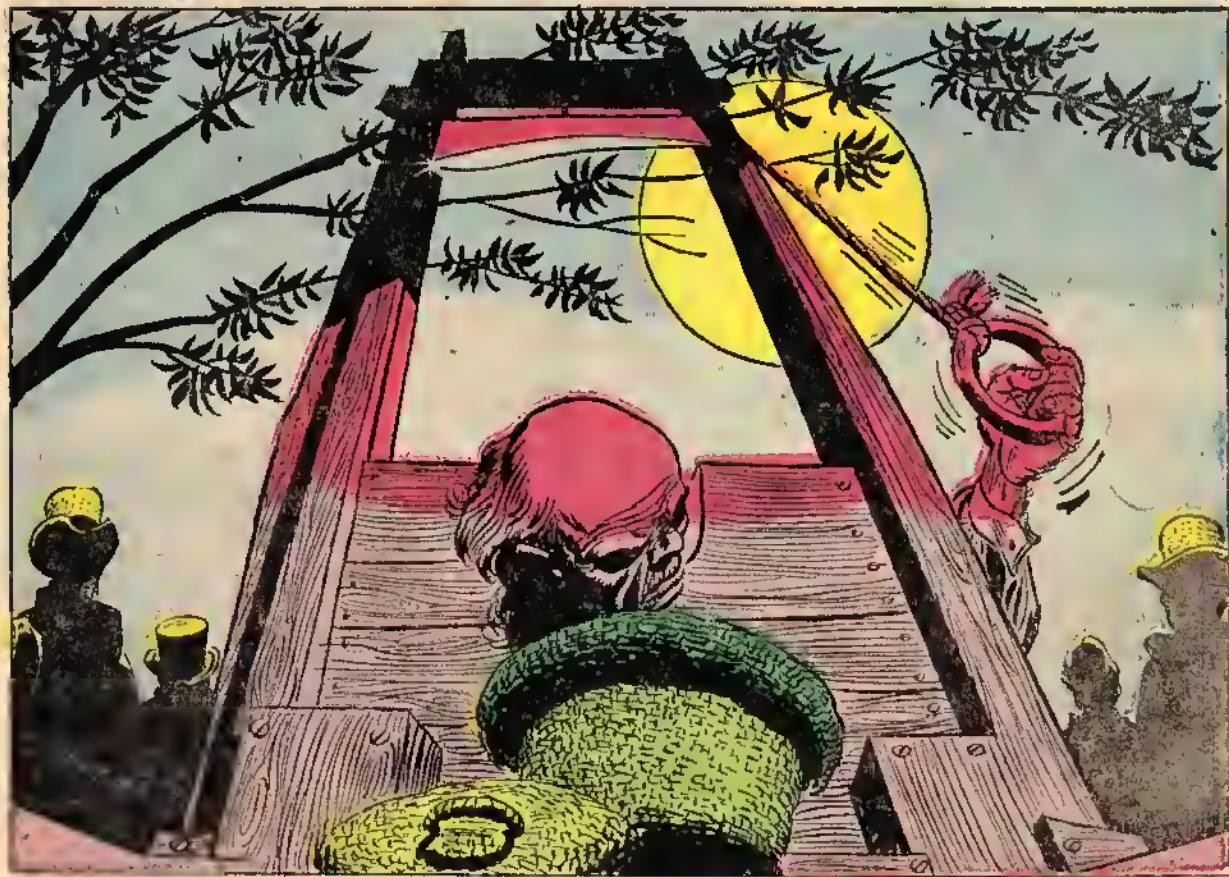
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MOULIN, THE EXECUTIONER, HAD OFFICIATED AT THE BEHEADING OF OVER 700 VICTIMS. HE LOVED HIS WORK, HE LOVED THE GUILLOTINE -- "THE WIDOW," SO DEEPLY, THAT HE BECAME KNOWN, AT LAST AS...

The Widow's Lover



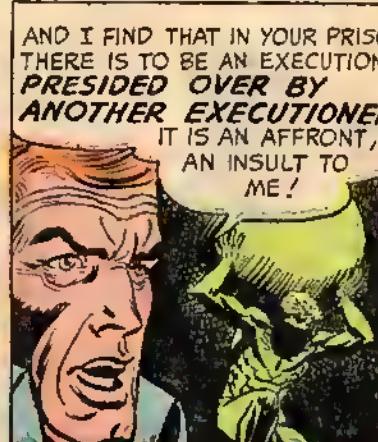
IN THE OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
OF A PROVINCIAL FRENCH PRISON...

IT IS AN OUTRAGE! I, VINCENT,
THE EXECUTIONER OF FRANCE,
SPEND SIX MONTHS IN THE
COLONIES ATTENDING TO MY
DUTIES! TODAY I
RETURN TO FRANCE!

AND I FIND THAT IN YOUR PRISON
THERE IS TO BE AN EXECUTION--
**PRESIDED OVER BY
ANOTHER EXECUTIONER!**

IT IS AN AFFRONT,
AN INSULT TO
ME!

WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE,
MONSIEUR VINCENT--BUT I
BEG OF YOU TO LET ME
EXPLAIN!



"YOU REMEMBER YOUR
PREDECESSOR, OLD
MOULIN?"

"AH, MOULIN! HE WAS
AN ARTIST, THAT ONE!"



"AND HER KEEN-EDGED
BLADE OF THE FINEST
STEEL! AH, I TAKE
GOOD CARE OF YOU,
DON'T I, WIDOW?"



"BUT MOULIN'S RETIREMENT TURNED OUT TO BE A
DISAPPOINTMENT..."

"BAH! A MISERLY
PENSION... POVERTY...
IDLENESS... WHAT
A LIFE!"



"YOU ARE RIGHT, VINCENT! MOULIN LOVED HIS
WORK!"

"AH, LA GUILLOTINE--
"THE WIDOW"! HOW
BEAUTIFUL SHE IS!
HOW EFFICIENT!"



"BUT AT LAST MOULIN REACHED THE AGE OF
RETIREMENT..."

VINCENT, I LEAVE THE
OFFICE OF EXECUTIONER
OF FRANCE TO YOU!
CONDUCT YOURSELF
AS AN ARTIST!



"AND SO, MOULIN FINALLY DETERMINED TO
RETURN TO THE PRACTICE OF HIS PROFESSION..."

ENOUGH OF POVERTY
AND IDLENESS! I
SHALL RETURN TO
THE WORK I LOVE--
BEHEADING!"



I HAVE COMPILED A LITTLE LIST OF THOSE WHO RICHLY DESERVE MY ATTENTIONS. FIRST, I SHALL CALL ON GARAND, THE MANUFACTURER.. HE UNDERPAYS HIS EMPLOYEES, AND THEN, WHEN THEY ARE OLD, TURNS THEM LOOSE TO STARVE!



MONSIEUR GARAND?

MOULIN! HOW DARE YOU INTRUDE IN THIS MANNER!

AH! A MOST SUCCESSFUL OPERATION! AND NOW FOR MY FEE!

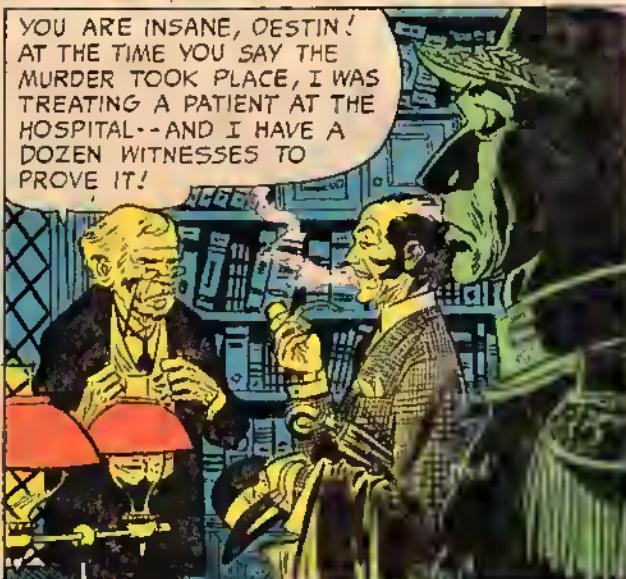


THIS HAS THE PROFESSIONAL TOUCH, EH? SOMEONE WITH A KNOWLEDGE OF SURGERY, PERHAPS!

INSPECTOR DESTIN, THERE IS ONLY ONE DOCTOR IN TOWN-- DOCTOR RENDU-- AND HE IS SO MAD FOR MONEY HE TREATS NONE BUT THE RICH AND IGNORES THE POOR!



YOU ARE INSANE, DESTIN! AT THE TIME YOU SAY THE MURDER TOOK PLACE, I WAS TREATING A PATIENT AT THE HOSPITAL-- AND I HAVE A DOZEN WITNESSES TO PROVE IT!



WHAT A PITY THAT HE IS INNOCENT! THE WORLD WOULD BE IMPROVED WITH HIS BEHEADING!



THE NEXT EVENING..."

FORGIVE THE LATENESS OF THE HOUR, DR. RENDU. I AM SUFFERING FROM A STRANGE ILLNESS. I FIND MYSELF WANTING TO CUT OFF PEOPLE'S HEADS.

VERY UNUSUAL. BUT FIRST, LET US DISCUSS THE FEE!

TSK! ALL HE COULD THINK OF WAS HIS FEE--HOW UNETHICAL! NOW I WONDER WHERE HE KEPT HIS FEES!



THERE IS THE MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES—DURAND! HE HAS, SINGLE-HANDED BLOCKED EVERY ATTEMPT TO INCREASE CIVIL SERVICE PENSIONS! AH, BUT MANY AN OLD SERVANT OF THE STATE SUFFERS BECAUSE OF THIS VILE DURAND!

AH, MONSIEUR MOULIN! WHAT BRINGS YOU TO MY OFFICE?

A QUESTION OF POLITICS, MONSIEUR DURAND!



YOU UNDERSTAND, MONSIEUR, THAT ANYTHING YOU TELL ME MAY BE USED AGAINST YOU AT YOUR TRIAL?

BAH! MY LIFE IS OVER! WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

"MOULIN PRESENTED NO DEFENSE. HIS CONVICTION WAS A MATTER OF MINUTES..."

IT IS THE SENTENCE OF THIS COURT, EDOUARD MOULIN, THAT YOU BE EXECUTED IN THE USUAL MANNER!

WONDERFUL! ONCE AGAIN I SHALL EMBRACE LA GUILLOTINE--MY BELOVED "WIDOW"!

"A MONTH LATER, I ASKED MOULIN THE USUAL QUESTION..."

YOUR EXECUTION IS SET FOR TOMORROW MORNING, MONSIEUR! HAVE YOU ANY LAST REQUEST?

YES— WITH YOUR PERMISSION, SIR— I HAVE JUST ONE REQUEST!

COME, MONSIEUR VINCENT, IT IS TIME FOR MOULIN'S LAST WALK. YOU WILL NOT OFFICIATE, YOU UNDERSTAND?

I THINK I UNDERSTAND, SIR.

AND SO, MOULIN'S DEATH MARCH BEGINS...



AH, MY BEAUTIFUL WIDOW!
MAY I TEST HER?

AS YOU PLEASE,
MOULIN!

BEAUTIFUL!
BEAUTIFUL!

WILL YOU BE SO KIND, MONSIEUR
VINCENT, AS TO PLACE THE
ROPE IN MY HAND? THEN
YOU SHALL SEE THE LAST
PERFORMANCE OF A
GREAT ARTIST!

I AM
HONORED,
MONSIEUR,
MOULIN!

ADIEU,
MESSIEURS!

THUD!

A SUPERB
PERFORMANCE!

HE HAD TRUE
GREATNESS
OF SPIRIT!

ONE THING PUZZLES
ME! WHY DID THIS
SMART DETECTIVE,
DESTIN, WAIT UNTIL
AFTER MOULIN
HAD MURDERED THE
DEPUTY BEFORE
HE SEIZED HIM?
WHY NOT **BEFORE**?

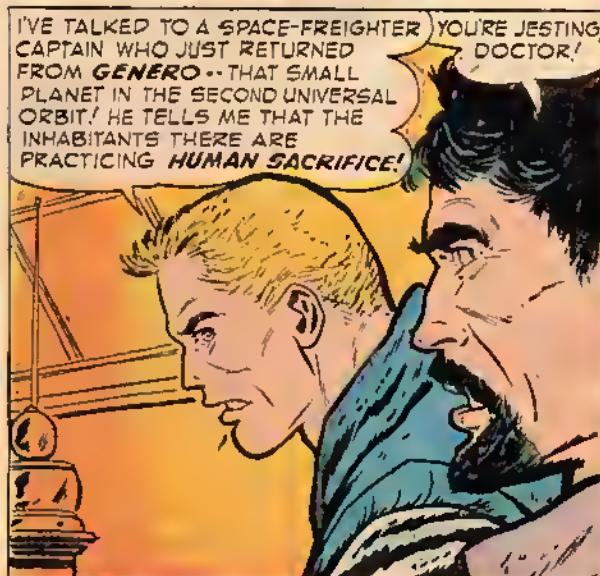
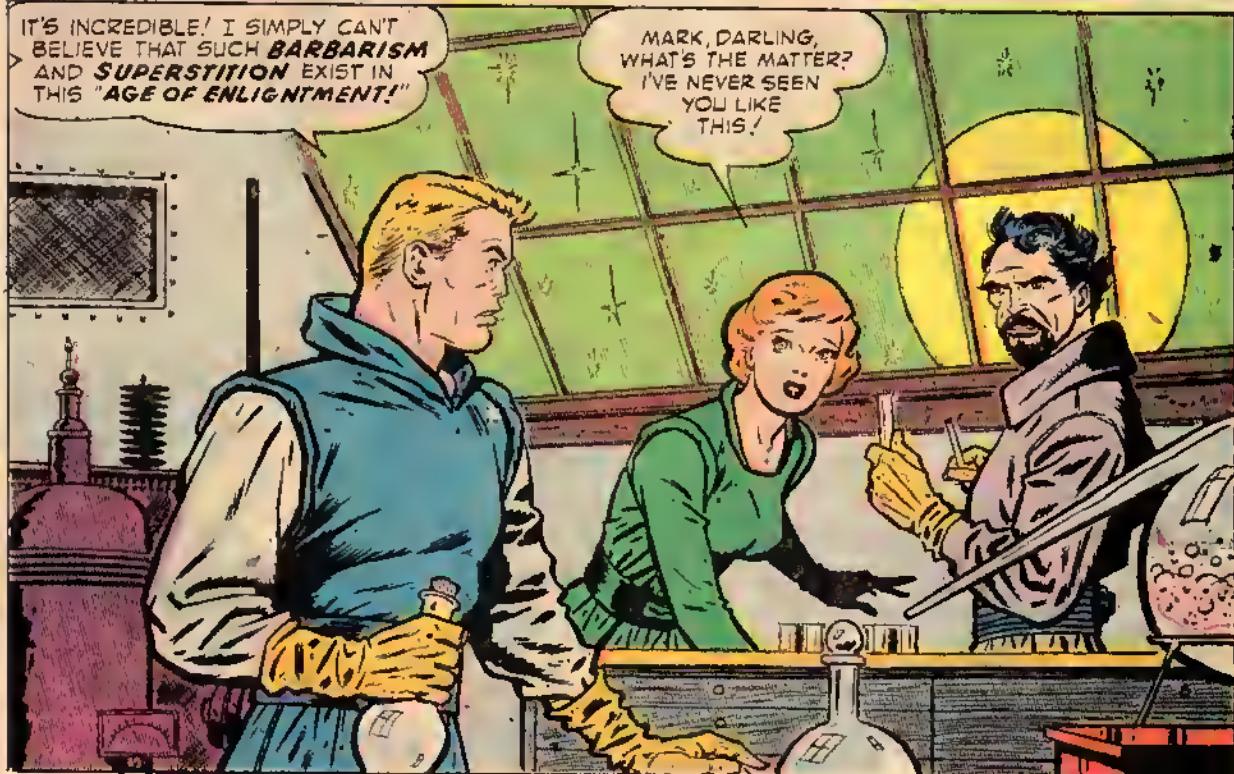
YOU FORGET,
THAT THIS
MONSTER OF
A DEPUTY
WAS THE
ONE
RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE
SMALLNESS
OF CIVIL
SERVICE
PENSIONS!

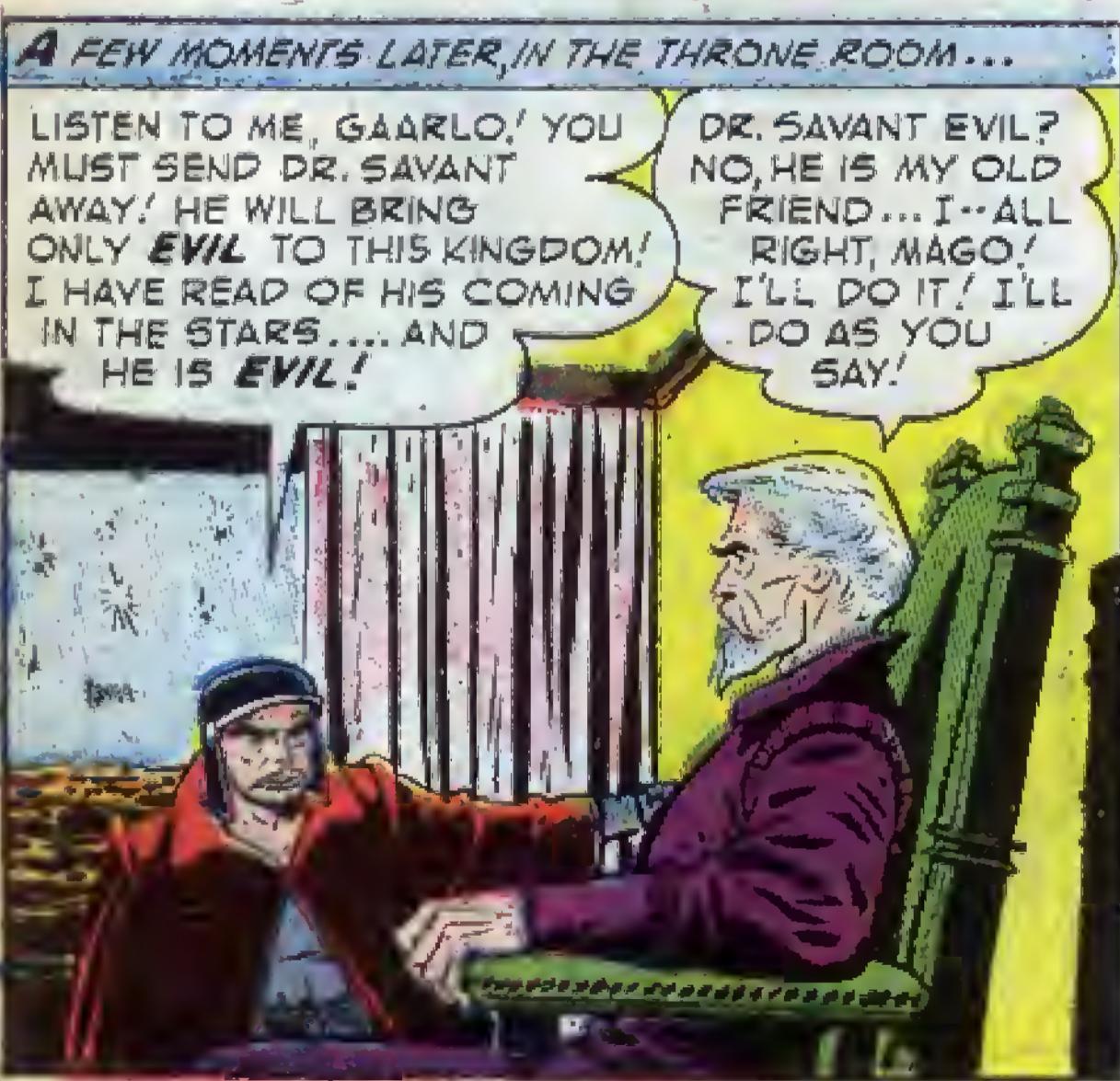
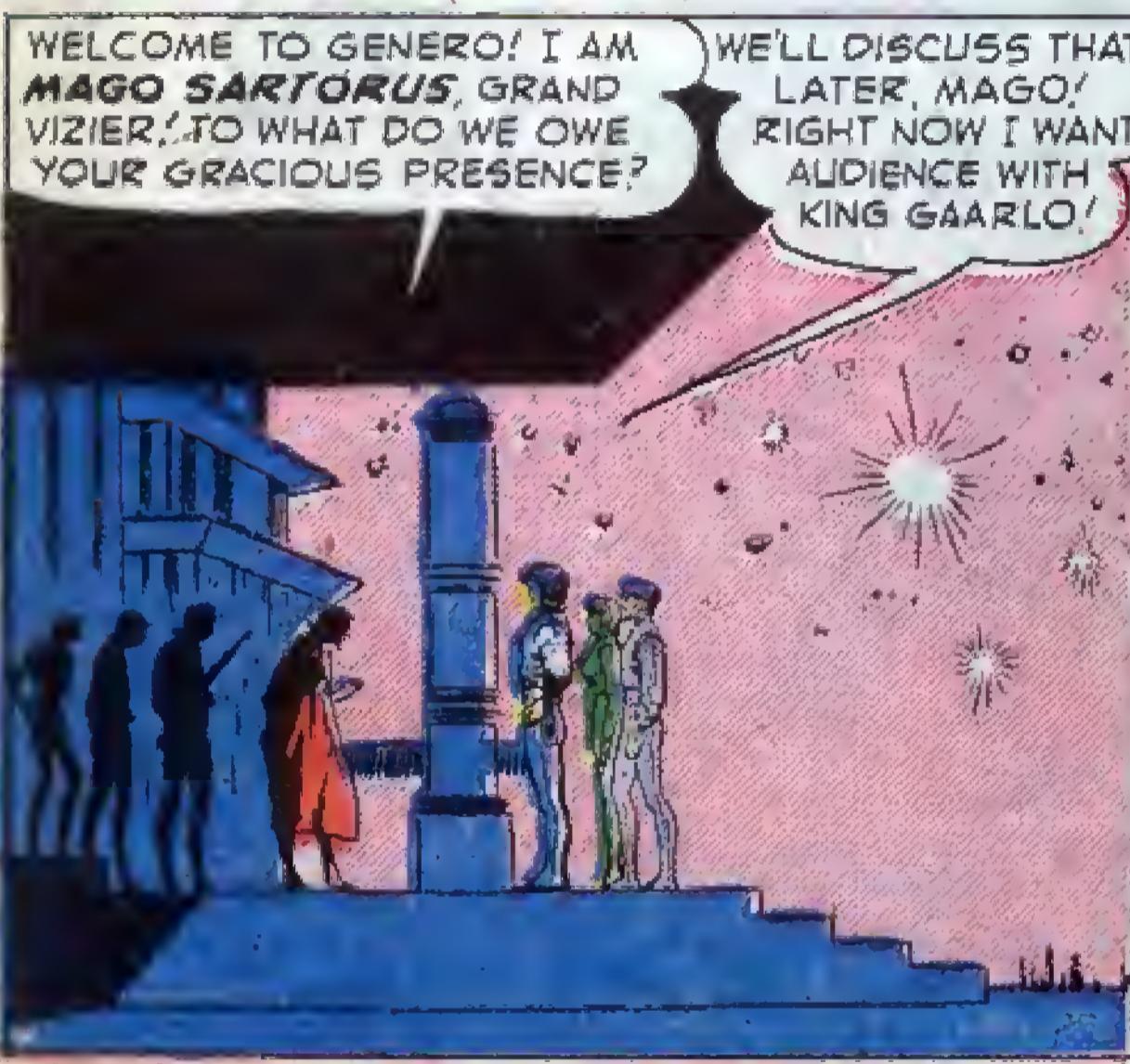
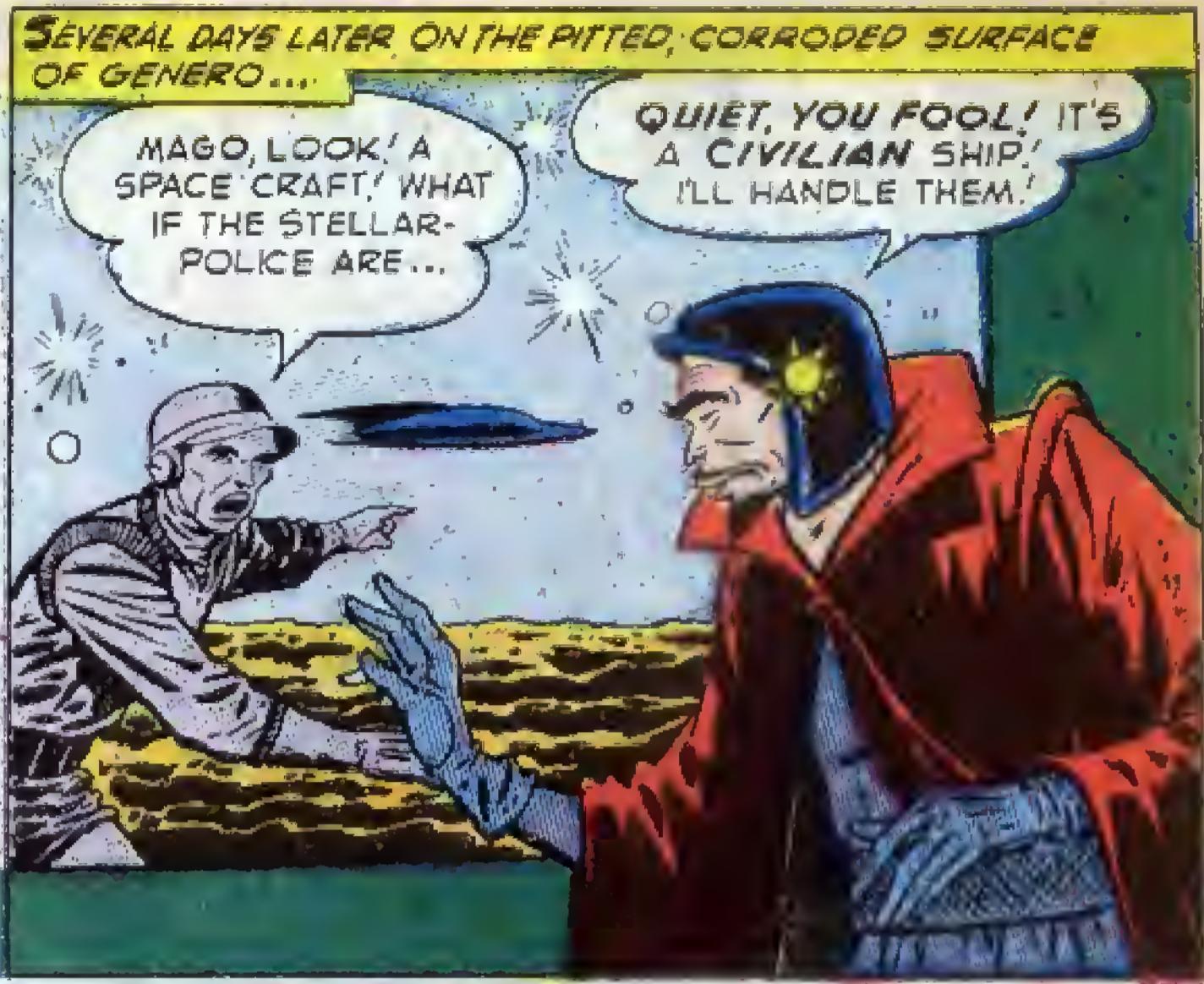
THE DETECTIVE DESTIN WAS,
LIKE OURSELVES, A CIVIL
SERVANT - AND HE HAD
**NOTHING BUT HIS
PENSION TO LOOK
FORWARD TO!** WITH
THE DEPUTY REMOVED
THERE MIGHT BE NEW HOPE
FOR AN INCREASE IN THE
PENSION! OH, WELL, WE ARE
ALL HUMAN!

The End

The Tentacles of DEATH

IT IS THE YEAR 2230 AND SCIENCE HAS TRIUMPHED OVER THE BASENESS AND DEPRAVITY THAT CAUSED THE TERRIBLE WARS OF THE TWENTY-SECOND CENTURY! HERE IN THE HUMMING G-2 EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORIES OF EARTH, WE FIND DR. MARK SAVANT, A BRILLIANT YOUNG SCIENTIST, JUST ENTERING THE FISSION ROOM...





GAARLO, YOU KNOW IN YOUR HEART YOU ARE DOING AN EVIL THING! OTHERWISE YOU WOULD NOT BE SO FRIGHTENED OF MY COMING!

YOU ARE EVIL!
THE STARS SAY
YOU ARE EVIL!
GO AWAY!

SO THAT'S IT, EH? THE STARS ARE RUNNING YOUR KINGDOM! I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY NOW! VERY WELL, GAARLO, YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE! I SHALL RETURN TO THE SHIP AND RADIO FOR AN IMMEDIATE PATROL SHIP!

NO-NO! WAIT! I... ALL RIGHT! I SHALL SPEAK TO YOU IN PRIVATE, IF YOU WISH!

THAT'S BETTER,
GAARLO... MUCH BETTER!

ALL RIGHT! NOW, WHAT'S THIS ABOUT NUMAH SACRIFICE?

IS THAT MAGO'S IDEA?

MAGO IS MY VIZIER... A WISE MAN! HE KNOWS, DOCTOR, HE KNOWS! WITHOUT THE COUNSEL HE GETS FROM THE STARS THE OCTEEL WOULD HAVE SCOURGED MY POOR KINGDOM LONG AGO!

OCTEEL?

YES! THE TERRIBLE MONSTER THAT LIVES IN THE WATER CAVERNS! MAGO KNOWS HOW TO KEEP HIM AWAY FROM US! WE MUST SACRIFICE TO APPEASE HIM!

AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN HIS TOWER, MAGO, THE MAGICIAN-SEER, IS CONCOCTING ANOTHER DARK SCHEME!

YES... WE MUST APPEASE THE OCTEEL AGAIN! TONIGHT THE EARTH-GIRL MUST DIE!

THUS AT THE VERY MOMENT THAT MARK TRIES TO REASON WITH THE OLD KING . . .

VENTRO SAID HE'D BE RIGHT BACK! HE...

GAG HER! QUICKLY! TONIGHT WE SHALL HAVE A REAL PRIZE FOR THE MONSTER!

OHH!



...YES, DOCTOR, YOU ARE RIGHT! MAGO HAS FOOLED ME WITH HIS SLY WORDS!

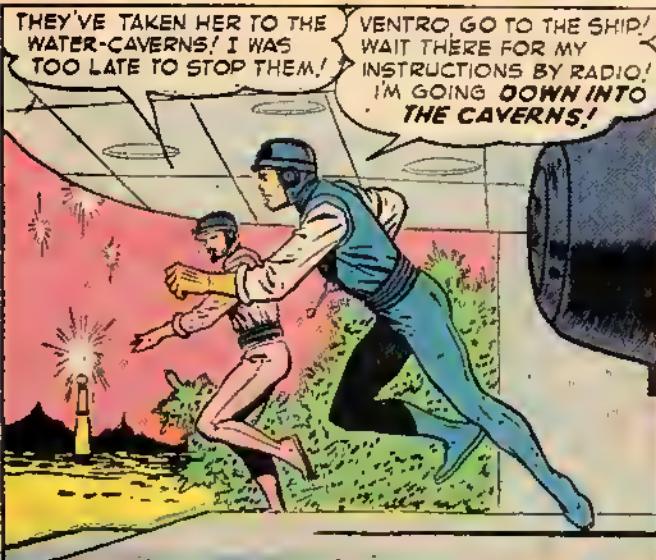
OF COURSE! THIS OCTEE IS ONLY A LIVING CREATURE AND CAN BE KILLED THE SAME AS ANY OTHER!

MARK! COME QUICKLY! THEY'VE GOT MONA FOR A SACRIFICE!



THEY'VE TAKEN HER TO THE WATER-CAVERNS! I WAS TOO LATE TO STOP THEM!

VENTRO, GO TO THE SHIP! WAIT THERE FOR MY INSTRUCTIONS BY RADIO! I'M GOING DOWN INTO THE CAVERNS!



NOW, MEN, SEIZE SAVANT! HE..WHOA! HE'S GONE!

MAGO! YOU FIEND! I KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT YOU, NOW! YOU WANT MY THRONE! WELL, YOUR LITTLE GAME IS UP! DR. SAVANT HAS GONE TO KILL THE "IMMORTAL" OCTEE!



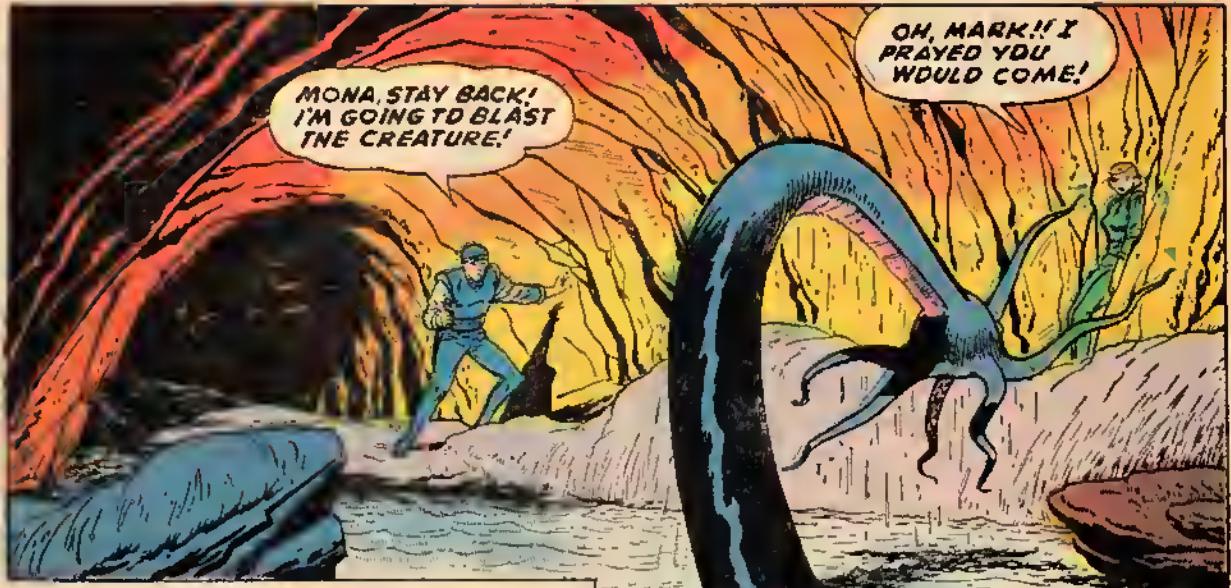
YOU OLD FOOL! YOU'VE SIGNED YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT! NOW I MUST GO TO THE WATER-CAVERNS AND TAKE CARE OF OUR EARTHLING FRIEND PERSONALLY... IN CASE THE OCTEE FAILS . . .



MEANWHILE AT THE WATER-CAVERNS . . .

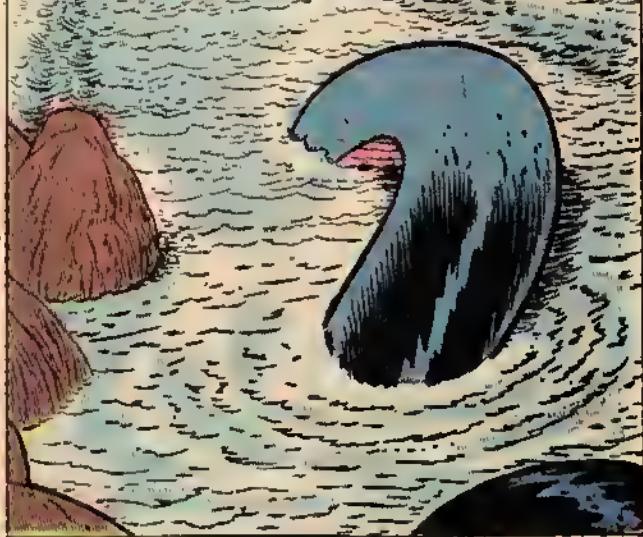
I CAN HEAR HIM THRASHING AROUND THE POOLS IN THERE!





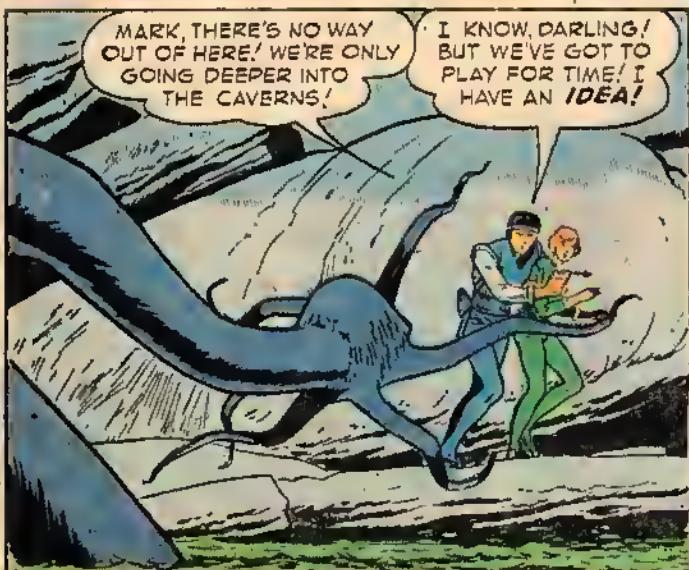
WITH HIS ELECTRO-BOLT GUN BLAZING, MARK TRIES
TO FINISH THE MONSTER! BUT THE BOLTS OF
CURRENT ARE MERELY ABSORBED BY THE
RUBBERY FLESH OF THE OCTEEL!

AN ELECTRO-GUN IS USELESS
HERE! THE OCTEEL IS PART
OCTOPUS AND PART ELECTRIC
EEL!



MARK, THERE'S NO WAY
OUT OF HERE! WE'RE ONLY
GOING DEEPER INTO
THE CAVERNS!

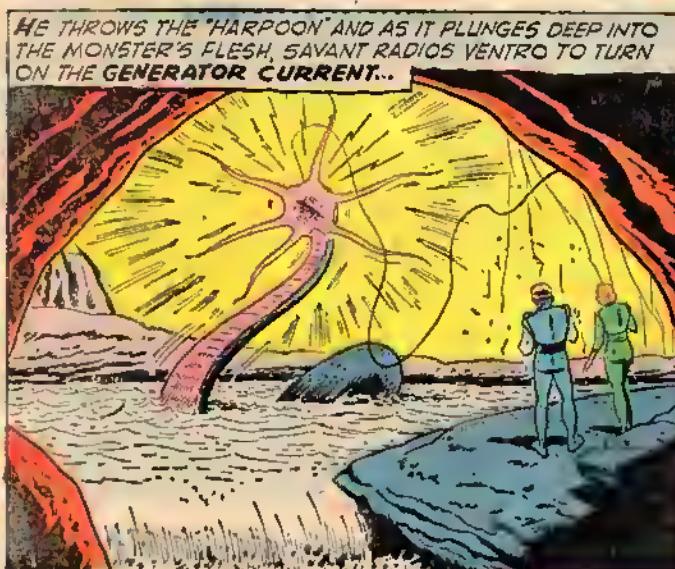
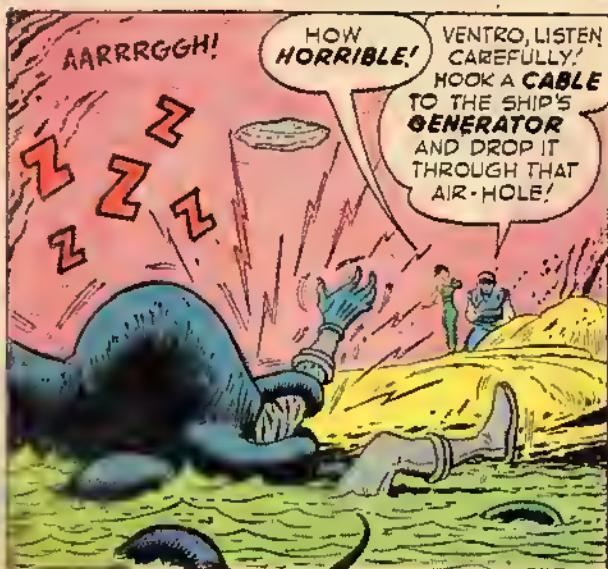
I KNOW, DARLING,
BUT WE'VE GOT TO
PLAY FOR TIME! I
HAVE AN IDEA!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CASTLE, MAGO
HURRIES TOWARD THE CAVERNS...

THERE GOES SAVANT'S CRAFT!
HE MUST HAVE KILLED THE
OCTEEL AND RADIOED HIS
CREWMAN TO PICK HIM UP!
I'VE GOT TO HURRY!





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DR. OSBORNE'S SECRET WEAPON

GENERAL BOLLINGER heaved his huge bulk out of his chair, and pounded the table savagely. "Dr. Osborne," he snarled; "you talk just like the other civilians! I don't know what *your* background is, but we of the Army know only one way to treat an invader; to drive him from American soil!"

The President, seated at the head of the council table in his White House study, signalled briefly to the slender, scholarly-looking scientist. Then he turned to face Bollinger and the group of high-ranking Army officers that flanked him.

"Let's get one thing straight, General," he said. "Dr. Osborne is a perfectly loyal American. His family fought in every war since the Revolution. I personally had to reject his application for active duty the day the invaders were sighted heading for Earth from Sirius, because I knew that he would be more useful to the United States—and to Earth—as a scientist than he would be as a soldier."

"May I interrupt, Mr. President?" asked Osborne. At the President's nod, he turned to General Bollinger. "General," he said earnestly, "this is not a question of personalities. Everybody here knows that you're our greatest military leader on Earth. But, unfortunately, purely military methods won't work against the Sirian invaders. Just review the situation—less than six months ago they landed in St. Louis and the area around that city. Since then we haven't been able to stop them, no matter what we've tried. They've spread all the way east to the Alleghenies, and westward right up to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. We've been defeated in everything we've tried to do!"

"Sure," growled Bollinger, "because there are too many civilians in our defense effort! This is the year 2051. The U. S. has almost three-hundred years of military knowledge and achievements behind it. I say that if the Army was allowed to make atomic weapons right up to capacity, we'd soon

drive these monsters off our planet!"

As Dr. Osborne began to speak, the President held up his hand. "No, General. I have reached a decision. Effective immediately, all factories still functioning in the United States will be under Dr. Osborne's direct orders; he is responsible only to me. As he has tried to explain to you, he has developed a blanketing ray which will effectively stop all atomic explosions and atomic motors within its path. Our only hope at this moment is to turn out as much equipment as we can, to set up barriers around the invaders so that nothing they fire at us will pass through this barrier. I am convinced that Dr. Osborne's plan is sound. That's all, gentlemen."

"But, Mr. President," cried Bollinger fiercely. "Even if this idea works, it'll stop us just as effectively from getting at the invaders! Our atom-powered planes won't be able to fly over their territory, and our atom shells will stop dead the minute they hit the blanketing barriers! It'll be a complete stalemate!"

The President nodded. "That's right. But," he smiled grimly, "maybe it won't be a stalemate for long." He rose, and left the Council Room.

For the next six months, while the invaders were consolidating their positions for a new and more terrible assault which would conquer the entire country, the factories of the United States worked day and night to take advantage of their short reprieve.

The day came when all the atom-blanketing ray machines were in place. The mechanisms, projecting their deadly rays, formed an impenetrable wall through which no form of atomic energy could pass.

General Bollinger and the other professional soldiers continued to grumble at Dr. Osborne and his scientists. But the civilian experts seemed content to confine the invaders within their section of the country, even at the cost of making any counter-attack by United States forces impossible. Their

grumbling grew much louder when Dr. Osborne, with the President's express permission, commanded every Army truck and vehicle, and ordered them to converge on New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

"You must be crazy," shouted Bollinger. "The enemy is in the central section of the country, not on the Atlantic seaboard! Are you planning to attack our own people now?"

"No," Osborne shook his head. "I can't tell you what we've got in mind, General, even though you're head of our forces. Because if I did, I'm sure you'd think I'm crazy. But I know my plan will work! And the President knows it, too!"

The American troops who manned the trucks and transport vehicles were perfectly happy to follow Dr. Osborne's orders. After a year of futile combat, alternately falling back in rout before the Sirian invaders, then idly speculating when the next attack would come, they welcomed a change of assignment. Even the mysterious orders they received, to assemble the contents of every specifically-indicated museum in the three cities, and all the books of certain very carefully-chosen publishers, were a novel and happy change. They even exchanged feeble jokes as they packed cartons and crates on the trucks.

Several weeks later, Dr. Osborne sat in General Bollinger's headquarters and passed a couple of books across the table.

"Read these, General!" Osborne said tersely. "They're going to win the war for us."

Bollinger glanced at the titles and snorted contemptuously. "These?" he demanded. "'Handbook of Rifles', dated 1951? And this one—'Annie Oakley, the Greatest Trick Shot of All Times?' She's been dead for a hundred and fifty years! What's this all about, Doctor?" He threw the books back on the table. "I don't even have to look at the others—I imagine they're all about the same. You're out of your mind! These things are manuals telling how to fire and handle the old-time explosive bullet-rifles that fired one shell at a time! We don't use weapons like that these days. Our modern rifles fire streams of atomic energy that spread out in a fan, and burn everything in front of them!"

Osborne nodded and smiled grimly. "Right! You might also want to look at this," and he handed the General a copy of "Ancient Airplanes of the Period of 1920-1950." As Bollinger threw the book down on the table, Osborne continued: "You might be interested to know that every flier in your forces is now studying a copy of this book—and every foot soldier is studying the other books on rifles. With the authority from the President, I'm also taking over command of all armed forces

until we've driven the invaders out. Then I'll return to my laboratory, while you can take over the Army again." Before Bollinger had stopped sputtering, Osborne had risen and left the room.

The busiest section of the Army, during the next few weeks, was the Quartermaster Corps, which had the task of collecting all atomic weapons, rendered useless by Dr. Osborne's ray, and replacing them with the oddest collection of weapons ever seen by any army in history! When each regiment was re-equipped with arms, one man found himself with an M-1 rifle alongside of comrades carrying a Springfield '03 and a Revolutionary War muzzle-loader!

The President and Dr. Osborne, seated in an ancient gasoline-powered helicopter which had been found in a museum in Philadelphia, hovered over the fighting area and watched the newly-equipped American troops march right through the atom-blanketing rays. They loaded their odd collection of weapons, looted from the other museums, and happily fired at the cowering Sirian invaders, who frantically and vainly attempted to use their atomic weapons in defense.

As the two leaders watched the invaders being driven into a smaller and smaller compass, an equally-strange collection of antique airplanes found in museums and old farm hangars, and fueled with gasoline which they had refined according to the ancient processes in use in 1950, roared over the Sirian camps. Dropping high-explosive shells, which possessed nothing like the destructive power of atomic bombs, they still managed effectively to blast the Sirian equipment to fragments.

Within two weeks the war was over. Every Sirian on Earth had been killed or captured. With the now-unnecessary atom-blanketing ray turned off, the factories of Earth could begin their gigantic task of rebuilding the shattered regions.

General Bollinger grinned at Dr. Osborne. "My apologies, Doctor!" he said. "From now on I'll never doubt a scientist again. How did you figure it out—I mean, to ruin every atom machine on Earth just so we could use the ancient weapons which the Sirians had forgotten about, just as we had?"

Dr. Osborne laughed. "It's easy, General. You see, at my house, when my atomic furnace and stove went out of order and could not be repaired quickly, my wife and I have had to learn how to use the old stoves left to us by my grandmother! I simply figured that if an old-fashioned stove would work without atomic energy, there's no reason why any other old-time apparatus wouldn't work, once all atomic energy were neutralized!"

The Bloody Sword

ON THE SCOTTISH MOORS, ABOUT SIX HOURS FROM GLASGOW, STANDS THE ANCIENT CASTLE OF THE MACCLORAN CLAN. FOR FIVE HUNDRED YEARS IT HAS STOOD, DARK AND FOREBODING, LOOMING OUT OF THE DANK BOG. AS OUR STORY OPENS, ROBERT MACCLORAN AND HIS FIANCÉE, TANDY, ANXIOUSLY WAIT FOR SOMEONE TO ANSWER THEIR IMPATIENT KNOCKING ON THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE...

I DO HOPE SOMEONE IS HOME, ROBERT. I'D HATE TO TRAVEL BACK TO GLASGOW AT SUCH A LATE HOUR, PARTICULARLY IN THIS WEATHER.

AYE, TANDY. WE SHOULD HAVE TOLD UNCLE BRUCE WE WERE COMING — ALTHOUGH I SHOULD THINK HE'D EXPECT US SINCE MY TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY IS TOMORROW!



ROBERT! ROBERT MACCLORAN! ACH, MY BONNIE LAD, YE CANNAN KNOW HOW MY OLD EYES HAVE BEEN CRAVIN' TO SEE YE!

AND IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, DUNCAN. AYE, YOU'RE THE SAME UGLY TREE-STUMP THAT I LEFT SIX YEARS AGO WHEN I WENT TO SCHOOL!

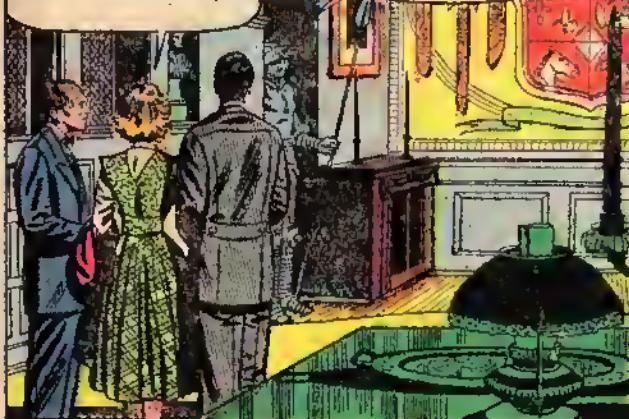
BUT SEE WHAT I BROUGHT BACK FROM GLASGOW UNIVERSITY, DUNCAN! MISS TANDY MORGAN, MY FIANCÉE.

HOW DO YOU DO, MISS TANDY? BUT COME, LET ME TAKE YOU OUT O' THE DAMPNESS!

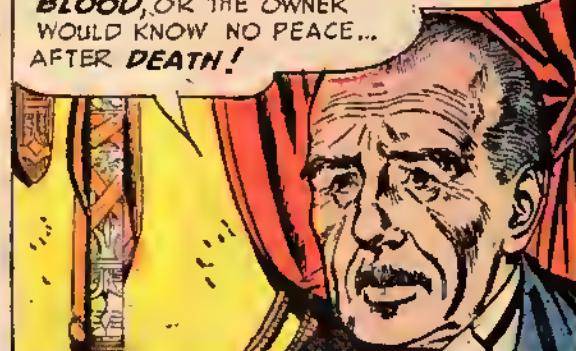


MY, WHAT A STRANGE
AND BEAUTIFUL ROOM!
WHAT IS THAT SHIELD
OVER THERE? I'VE
NEVER SEEN ANYTHING
QUITE LIKE IT!

IT'S THE MACCLORAN
ARMS — SYMBOL
OF COURAGE, WI'
A HERITAGE OF
BRAVERY!



WHEN THE FIRST MACCLORAN TOOK OVER
THE CASTLE THERE WERE TEN CLAYMORE
SWORDS AROUND THAT SHIELD. AS
EACH ELDEST SON REACHED TWENTY-ONE,
DOWN THROUGH THE GENERATIONS, HE
WAS TO HAVE ONE, FOR HE WOULD ONE
DAY BE THE LAIRD OF THE CASTLE. BUT
BLOOD, OR THE OWNER
WOULD KNOW NO PEACE...
AFTER DEATH!



ROBERT, TOMORROW YOU'LL
BE TWENTY-ONE. THAT
MEANS YOU'LL GET A
SWORD, FOR YOU'LL
BE LAIRD OF THIS
CASTLE, BUT THE
SWORD WOULD—
WOULD HAVE TO
TASTE BLOOD?

NAY, TANDY,
WHEN MY
FATHER DIED, THE
LAST SWORD OF
THE MACCLORANS
WAS BURIED WITH
HIM. I'LL HAVE
NO SWORD.



AYE, ROBERT LAD, BUT
YE DID NOT ADD THAT
YOUR FATHER'S SWORD
HAD NEVER **TASTED**
BLOOD!

BUT THE
LEGEND —
ABOUT
RESTING
IN PEACE?



HA! HA! DON'T WORRY
YOUR BONNIE HEAD,
LASS — IT'S JUST
A LEGEND!

GOOD EVENIN'
TO YE, ROBERT
MACCLORAN!



FORGIVE ME IF I
STARTLED YE, BUT
I DIDN'T EXPECT
YE TO COME AT
THIS HOUR!

I'M SORRY, UNCLE
BRUCE — BUT THE
TRAIN WAS RATHER
SLOW!



SO THE YOUNG LAIRD HAS COME TO CLAIM HIS INHERITANCE, EH? WELCOME, LAD, TO THE CASTLE OF YOUR ANCESTORS!



THANK YOU, UNCLE. THIS IS MY FIANCÉE, TANDY. ER, IF YOU WILL PREPARE A ROOM... SHE IS VERY TIRED, WE CAN STAY UP AND DISCUSS THE TERMS OF THE INHERITANCE, IF YOU LIKE.



NAY, ROBERT, NAY! YOU MUST BE TIRED. YOURSELF AFTER THAT LONG JOURNEY, I'LL HAVE DUNCAN PREPARE YOUR ROOM, TOO.



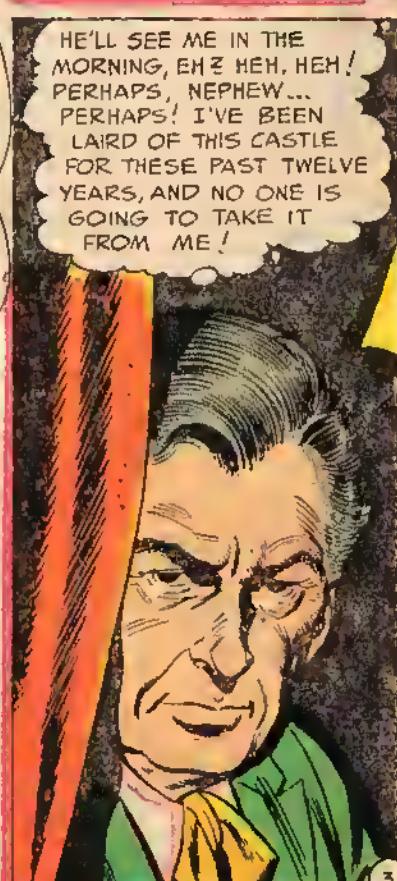
DUNCAN! HOLD YOUR TONGUE! TAKE MISS TANDY TO HER ROOM!



DON'T MIND DUNCAN — HE'S GETTING OLD AND APT TO DO AND SAY STRANGE THINGS. WELL, LAD, ARE YOU GOING TO BED?

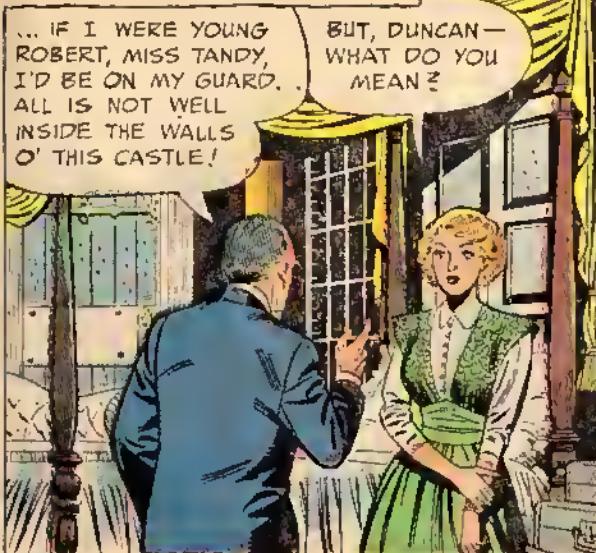


NO, UNCLE, I'D LIKE TO STAY UP FOR A WHILE AND THINK. THERE ARE MANY PROBLEMS I'LL HAVE TO SETTLE. I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING. GOOD NIGHT!



HE'LL SEE ME IN THE MORNING, EH? HEH, HEH! PERHAPS, NEPHEW... PERHAPS! I'VE BEEN LAIRD OF THIS CASTLE FOR THESE PAST TWELVE YEARS, AND NO ONE IS GOING TO TAKE IT FROM ME!

MEANWHILE, IN TANDY'S ROOM...





THE TOMB OF ANDREW MACCLORAN...



NO AIR... C-CAN'T
BREATHE...

ROBERT!
ROBERT!

I WAS WORRIED
WHEN YE DID
NOT COME BACK
TO THE HOUSE!
TANDY TOLD ME
YE WERE HERE!

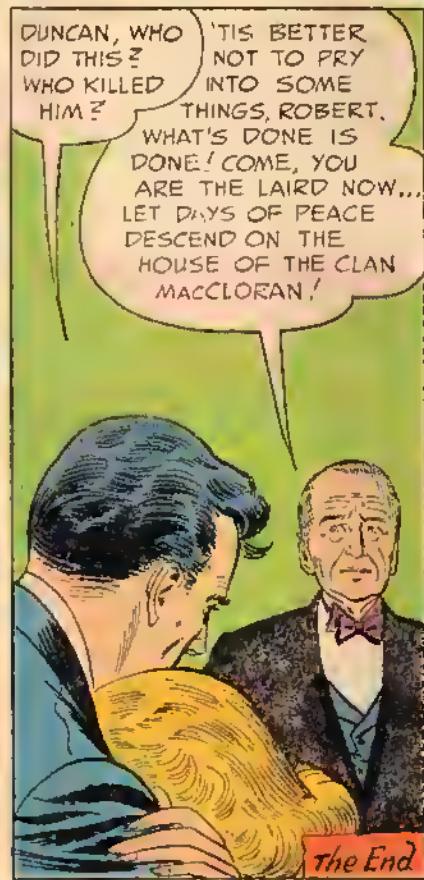
I-I GUESS
THE WIND...
MUST HAVE...
BLOWN IT
SHUT.

YE WOULDN'T LISTEN TO
MY WARNIN', ROBERT—
SO I'LL TELL YE PLAIN!
YOUR UNCLE BRUCE
INTENDS TO BE LAIRD
O' THIS CASTLE AT
ANY COST! EVEN IF HE
MUST KILL YE!

MEANWHILE...

YE'LL NOT ESCAPE THE
INEVITABLE THIS TIME,
NEPHEW... FOR WHEN
YE WALK THROUGH
THAT DOOR, I'LL RUN
THIS DIRK THROUGH
YOUR HEART!

COME IN, ROBERT—
I'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR YE!



The Portrait of DEATH

THAT PAINTING...
WHY... WHY...
THIS IS
INcredible!

LONDON, 1920: GREGORY HARBOROUGH, WEALTHY LINEN EXPORTER AND CURIO COLLECTOR, PASSES AN OLD ANTIQUE SHOP IN LONDON'S SOUTH SIDE... AND IS ABSOLUTELY DUMBFOUNDED BY WHAT HE SEES THERE...

THE NAME IS... PORTRAIT OF DEATH! GOOD HEAVENS! THIS MUST BE A MONSTROUS JOKE!

THE FACE IN THE PORTRAIT—
IT... IT'S
MY FACE!

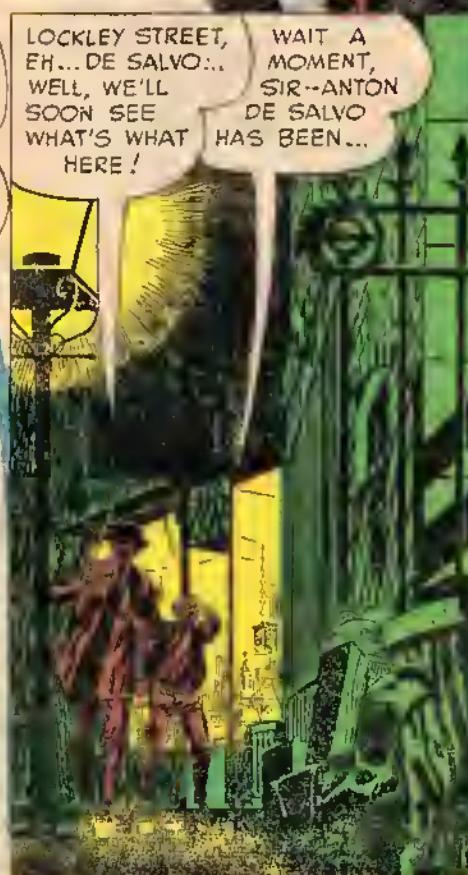
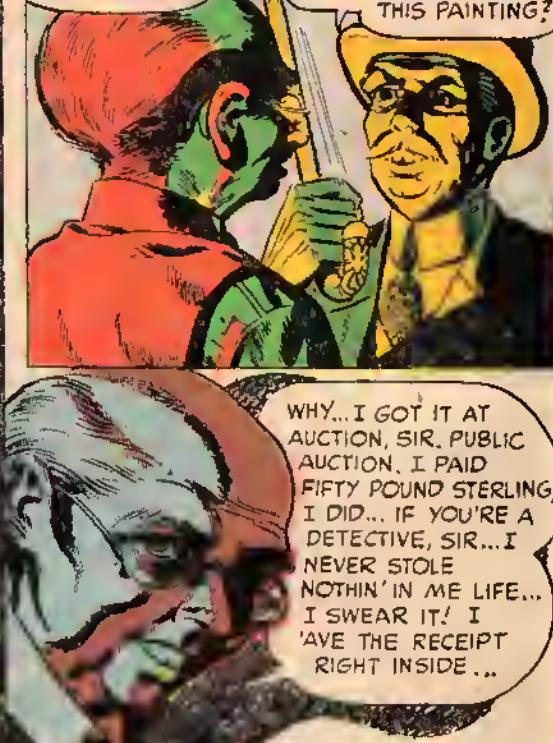
PORTRAIT
OF
DEATH
Anton De Salvo

I SEE THE PICTURE CAPTIVATES YOUR FANCY, EH, GOV'NAH? H'IT'S AN INTERESTING PIECE. WOKE WOULD LOOK 'ANDSOME OVER A MANTEL...

WHO IS THE PAINTER OF THIS IMPUDENT 'CANVAS!

WHY, A CHAP NAME OF ANTON DE SALVO, SIR. HIS WORK IS VERY INTERESTING... GREAT DEPTH, NO?

STOP TOYING WITH ME, SIR! I DEMAND TO KNOW THE MEANING OF THIS! WHERE DID YOU GET THIS PAINTING?



WALKING SWIFTLY,
GREGORY HARBOROUGH
SOON REACHES HIS
DESTINATION...
LOCKLEY STREET...



HERE WE ARE--AND
THAT SHAMBLES
THERE MUST BE THE
HOUSE...HMM! NOW
WE'LL LET MR. DE
SALVO DO SOME
EXPLAINING...

I TAKE IT YOU ARE
ANTON DE SALVO--
IF SO, I'LL HAVE A
WORD WITH YOU...
IF YOU DON'T
MIND!

OF COURSE...I
HAVE BEEN
EXPECTING YOU!
...COME IN, MR.
HARBOROUGH!



THERE! THAT'S JUST
IT! I NEVER SAW
YOU IN MY LIFE...
YET YOU KNOW MY
NAME... YOU KNOW
ME! I DEMAND AN
EXPLANATION!

IN DUE
TIME. BUT,
FIRST...
COME
INTO MY
STUDIO!

WHAT A
HORRIBLE
PLACE!

WELL, I'VE BEEN AWAY,
AND I'VE JUST RETURNED.
YES, THESE PLACES
DETERIORATE IF NOT
PROPERLY
CARED FOR!



ALL RIGHT, DE SALVO, ENOUGH OF THIS
NONSENSE! I DEMAND TO KNOW
WHY YOU PAINTED A PORTRAIT OF
ME... A PERFECT STRANGER...
AND WHY THE DEUCE YOU CALLED
IT "PORTRAIT OF DEATH",
ANYWAY!

LET'S
SAY IT
WAS....
DESTINY,
MR.
HARBOROUGH...

AS HE TALKS, THE STRANGE ARTIST BEGINS
TO PAINT SLOWLY...

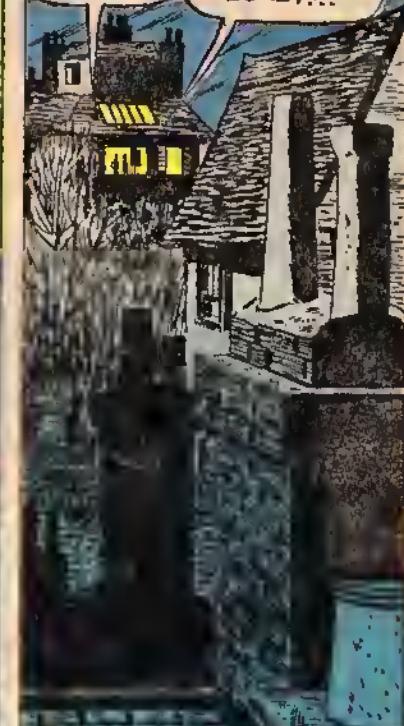
YOU SEE, DESTINY IS A
STRANGE THING... BECAUSE OF DESTINY
I KNOW MANY THINGS... ABOUT **YOU!**
I KNOW ABOUT YOUR LINEN BUSINESS...
ABOUT YOUR SHADY TRANSACTIONS...
ABOUT YOUR WHOLE LIFE... AND I
KNOW THAT **YOU ARE THE IMAGE**
OF DEATH!



I...I AM
THE FACE...
OF
DEATH?
ABSURD!
YOU ARE **DEATH** TO
SOMEONE, MR.
HARBOROUGH... YOU
WILL SOON COMMIT
MURDER!

WHOM...
WHOM...
SHALL I
MURDER...?
MR. HARBOROUGH,
YOU WILL
MURDER ME!

WHY... THAT'S
PREPOSTEROUS!
WHY SHOULD I
KILL YOU?
THAT'S VERY
SIMPLE TO
KEEP YOUR
DREAD
SECRET!..



YES... I KNOW THAT TEN
YEARS AGO... YOU **KILLED**
YOUR WIFE'S SUITOR, ALAN
WHALEN... TO WIN HER
YOURSELF. AND NOW... YOU
MUST MURDER **ME**... OR I
SHALL TELL THE POLICE...
THAT'S WHY!

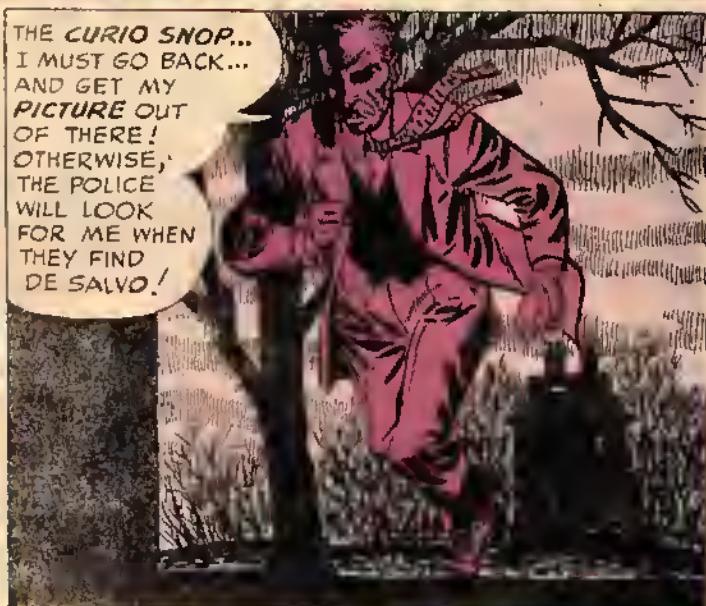
YOU... KNOW... **THAT!** YOU
FIEND! YOU'LL NEVER TURN
ME OVER TO THE
POLICE!
NEVER!

YOU'VE SEALED YOUR OWN
FATE, YOU FOOL! NOW...





THERE! NOW... WAIT... HE WAS
PAINTING... I MUST SEE WHA
IT IS!... IT MAY BE
INCRIMINATING!



THIS ROCK WILL... NO!
THE PAINTING! HOW
HORRIBLE!
NO! NO!

HORRIFIED BY WHAT HE SEES,
GREGORY HARBOROUGH COVERS
HIS FACE IN ANGUISH AND
STAGGERS OUT INTO THE STREET...

NO!.. NO!.. HEY! LOOK
NO! OUT!



OFFICER—I SWEAR... I KNOW... I
I COULDN'T SAW THE WHOLE
AVOID 'IM!
'E RAN OUT THING. I... GOOD
RIGHT IN FRONT LORD! LOOK AT
OF ME 'S FACE!.. ORRIBLE!
'ORSE... THAT HOOF SMASHED
IT BEYOND RECOG-
NITION!

OFFICER...
WHAT IS IT...
WHAT'S ALL
THE NOISE
'ERE? WHAT
'APPENED?

BAD ACCIDENT...
MAN'S DEAD.
MAYBE YOU
CAN HELP
ME. HE
LOOKED INTO
YOUR WINDOW,
THEN RAN OUT
INTO THE STREET
AS IF SOMETHING
HAD FRIGHTENEED
HIM...

WAIT A MOMENT... SURE, I
RECOGNIZE THOSE CLOTHES!
THAT'S THAT QUEER CHAP
THAT WAS HERE YESTERDAY
AFTERNOON... LOOKIN' AT
THAT PAINTIN'
IN MY WINDOW.



'E DEMANDED TO KNOW WHO THE ARTIST WAS AND WHERE 'E LIVED... I TOLD 'IM IT WAS THE GREY STUCCO PLACE OVER ON LOCKLEY STREET... BEEN ALL LOCKED AND BOARDED UP FOR YEARS NOW, OF COURSE...



OH, YOU MEAN THAT WEIRD OLD DE SALVO PLACE?

YES... YOU REMEMBER DE SALVO, THE PAINTER... KILLED LATE ONE NIGHT BY AN UNKNOWN MURDERER IN HIS STUDIO... STABBED WITH A PALETTE KNIFE, 'E WAS... ALMOST TWENTY YEARS AGO!



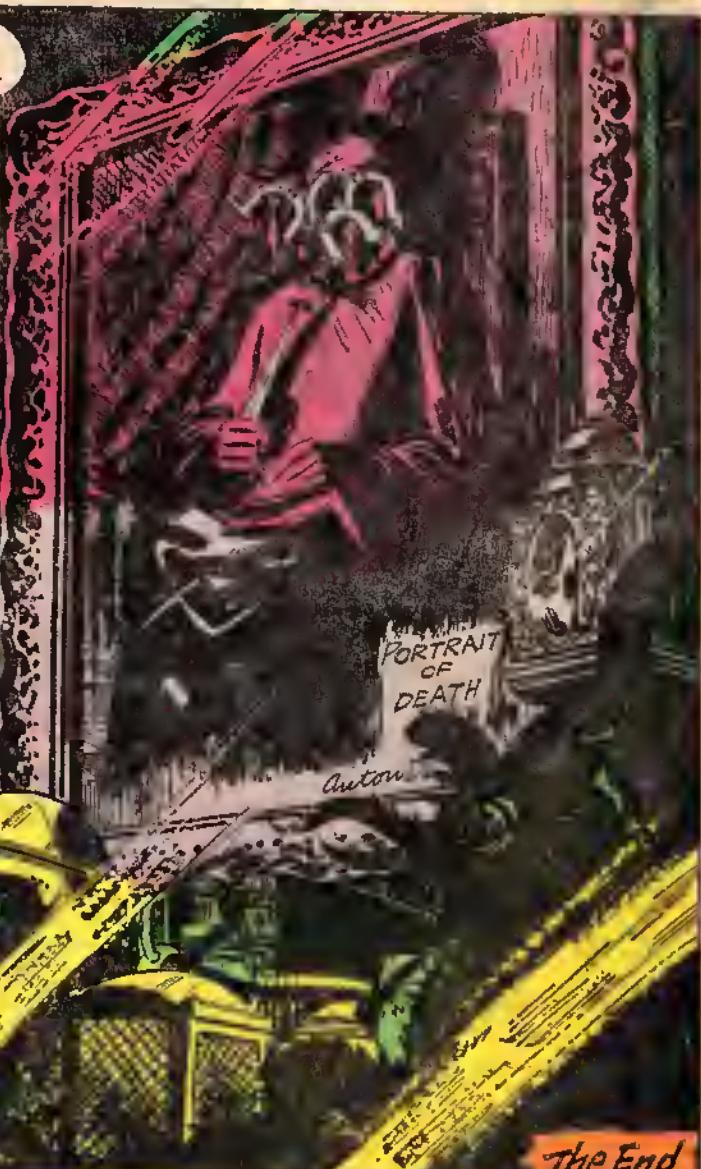
THAT'S ONE OF DE SALVO'S WORKS! THE TITLE IS "PORTRAIT OF DEATH." I'VE STUDIED IT MANY AN HOUR AND I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT... CAN YOU?

WHO COULD? 'E MUST HAVE BEEN BALMY TO PAINT LIKE THAT!



YES... THERE'S MANY SAY 'E WAS INSANE... ANYWAY 'IS PICTURES AIN'T WORTH MUCH THESE DAYS...

THIS... "PORTRAIT OF DEATH" IS CERTAINLY QUEER- WITH A HORSE'S HOOVES ON THE MAN'S FACE - JUST LIKE THE BLOKE IN THE GUTTER!



The End

The FINGER OF FATE

THE RISHI, OR HOLY MEN, ARE QUITE OFTEN THE ONLY DOCTORS AVAILABLE TO THE SICK AND DISEASED OF TIBET, AND SO, WHEN DEWARZUNG, A TIBETAN BANDIT CHIEF, SUFFERED A BROKEN LEG HE CALLED ON A RISHI TO ATTEND HIM! THE POOR ANCIENT RISHI FAILED, BUT IT WAS FORTUNATE FOR DEWARZUNG THAT DR. GLADYS CROSS, A MEDICAL MISSIONARY, WAS AT THE NEARBY VILLAGE OF DRAUS! AS OUR STORY OPENS...

THE WHITE DOCTOR HAS HELPED ME... THE RISHI HAS FAILED! OUT WITH ONE OF HIS EYES AND OFF WITH A FINGER!



MONTHS LATER, AS DR. CROSS WAS LEADING HER CARAVAN TOWARD YEA-KEANG, THROUGH BANDIT INFESTED COUNTRY, SHE RECEIVED A STRANGE WARNING...

OH! WHAT'S THIS? THE FINGER OF THE RISHI, POINTING AWAY FROM YEA-KEANG - WARNING ME! HALT! WE WILL GO BY KASHGAR!



OH, BANDIT CHIEF, SPARE THIS ANCIENT ONE WHO DID HIS BEST! I OFFER YOU THIS GOLD RING IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS HEALTH!



SO BE IT! BUT GET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT!

HONORABLE LADY, MY ETERNAL THANKS! I WILL DEVOTE THIS EYE AND FINGER TO YOU! THEY WILL PROTECT YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!



DR. CROSS TRIED TO WARN THE REST OF THE CARAVAN, BUT ONLY HER SMALL PARTY TOOK THE NEW ROUTE! AT KASHGAR...

OH, KIND LADY, WHAT MIRACLE BROUGHT YOU TO KASHGAR? ONLY THIS EVENING EVERY MAN IN THE CARAVAN WAS MURDERED 10 MILES FROM YEA-KEANG!



THE OLD RISHI HAD MADE GOOD HIS PROMISE! AND THREE TIMES MORE WAS THE FINGER TO SAVE DR. CROSS'S LIFE! ONCE WHEN IT WAVED HER DRIVER AWAY FROM A BOMB IN CAIRO; AGAIN WHEN IT CAUTIONED HER NOT TO TAKE A BOAT FROM ALEXANDRIA WHICH LATER SANK AT SEA, AND FINALLY, WHEN IT WARNED HER NOT TO FLY FROM PARIS TO LONDON - ON A FLIGHT IN WHICH ALL PASSENGERS WERE KILLED! EXPLAIN IT IF YOU CAN!



GRAVEYARD IN THE ANTARCTIC

...SUDDENLY, IN THE DISTANCE, THEY SAW SEVERAL SEALS, OBVIOUSLY IN A VERY WEAK CONDITION, SITTING QUIETLY TOGETHER!



WHEN HE WAS WITH CAPTAIN ROBERT SCOTT ON THE GREAT EXPLORER'S LAST TRIP TO THE ANTARCTIC, SURGEON-COMMANDER G. MURRAY LEVICK OF THE BRITISH NAVY WITNESSED A STRANGE AND MYSTERIOUS SIGHT! LEVICK AND A COMPANION HAD BECOME SEPARATED FROM THE MAIN PARTY AT HELL'S GATE NEAR THE DRYGALSKI ICE BARRIER, WHEN...



THE SEALS DID NOT FLEE WHEN THE MEN APPROACHED THEM! WHEN THE MEN WENT UP TO THE OBVIOUSLY QUIET SEA LIONS, THE REASON BECAME APPARENT--THE SEALS WERE ALL DYING!



BEHIND THE DYING SEALS WAS A VAST PATCH OF THE DEAD AND MUMMIFIED BODIES OF THOUSANDS OF SEALS!



THE SURGEON-COMMANDER EXAMINED THE BODIES OF MANY OF THE SEALS! AS NEAR AS HE COULD DETERMINE, THIS CITY OF THE DEAD SEALS HAD BEEN EXPANDING FOR CENTURIES! IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT, FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS, DYING SEALS HAD CRAWLED FROM THE SEA, ACROSS HUNDREDS OF YARDS OF ICE, TO THIS PARTICULAR LONELY SPOT TO DIE!



BUT NOT ALL OF SURGEON-COMMANDER LEVICK'S SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE AND RESEARCH COULD EXPLAIN TO HIM WHAT MYSTERIOUS FORCE HAD LED THESE THOUSANDS OF SEALS, TO COME TO THIS ONE ISOLATED SPOT TO DIE! TODAY, THIS IS AS GREAT A MYSTERY AS WHEN COMMANDER LEVICK FIRST SAW IT--IN 1910! WHAT PEOPLES THESE MAMMALS OF THE SEA TO COME TO THIS STRANGE "GRAVEYARD IN THE ANTARCTIC?"

NOW YOU CAN FLY A REAL JET PLANE!

SPECIAL OFFER

If bought in the store, the JETEX #50 engine alone would cost \$1.95; the JETEX JAVELIN, \$7.75, a total cost of \$2.70. Rush the coupon and you get both the JETEX JAVELIN and the JETEX #50 jet engine for only \$1.98! (plus postage and handling charges, C.O.D.) Includes fuel supply.

\$1.98

JETEX JAVELIN

**Guaranteed to give you
Fun-filled Flights!**

You'll thrill and amaze your friends, be the envy of your neighborhood with this real JET airplane. The JETEX JAVELIN is a colorful, sleek-looking 14 inches of greased lightning. It will fly 1,000 feet! Go at a scale speed of 600 miles per hour! It takes off under its own power, loops, circles, stunts and then goes into a long glide and comes to a beautiful landing.

The JETEX JAVELIN is a cinch to build. Comes complete with the famous JETEX #50 jet engine and all parts already cut out. Nothing more to buy! Just follow the easy instructions, glue the parts together and you're ready for thrills! This amazing jet airplane uses the modern stressed skin construction which gives more strength and durability for its weight than any other type of construction. With ordinary care, it will make hundreds of fun filled flights.

It's fun to assemble, thrilling to fly. So don't delay—SEND NO MONEY—rush your order today to be sure of prompt delivery.

Designed by Commander Willis Rigby

Yes, Commander Rigby, world famous designer, is the inventor of the JETEX JAVELIN. The Commander says, "I have created thousands of models, but the JETEX JAVELIN is the finest thing I have ever done!"

GUARANTEED TO FLY!

The JETEX JAVELIN is unconditionally guaranteed to fly if all instructions have been faithfully followed. If the JETEX JAVELIN does not fly, return the plane and the JETEX #50 engine within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

AMAZING JETEX #50 JET ENGINE

The world's smallest jet engine and the most powerful engine of its size ever sold! It runs on solid fuel, starts every time, completely reliable.

NO MOVING PARTS TO BREAK OR WEAR OUT. Can be used to power model airplanes, racing cars and boats.



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

JETEX JAVELIN Dept. ZC-S
400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

RUSH!

Please rush the JETEX JAVELIN and JETEX #50 jet engine. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. charges on arrival.

Name _____

(please print)

Address _____

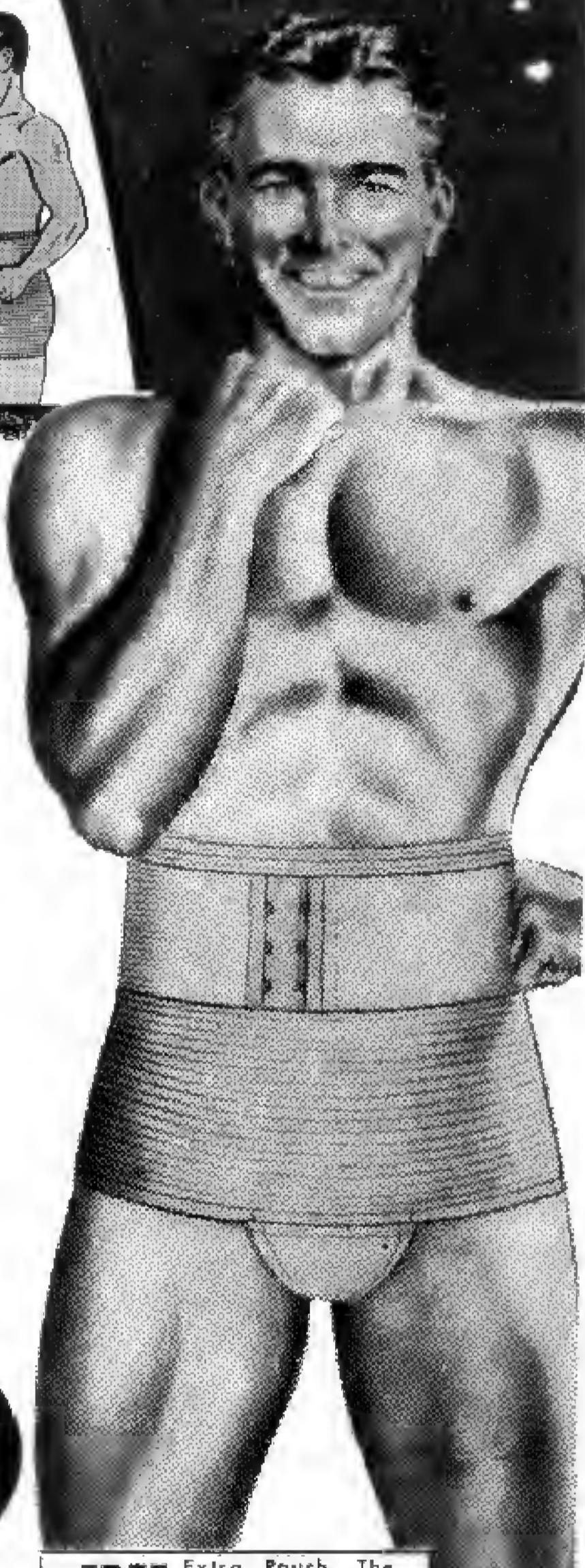
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

I enclose \$2.00 in cash, check or money order to cover C.O.D. charges. If the airplane does not fly, I may return it in 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's
who want to

**LOOK SLIMMER
and
FEEL YOUNGER**



DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

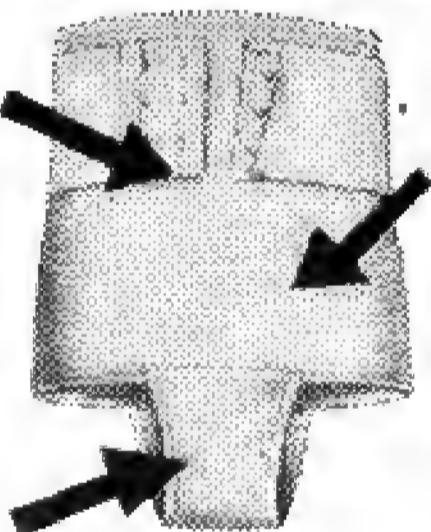
The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

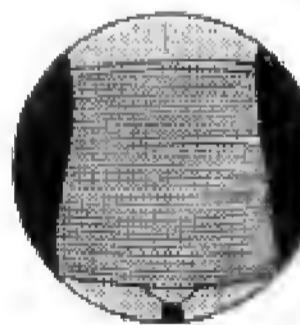
FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!



TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen; yet it stretches as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.



Rear View
FITS SNUG AT SMALL OF BACK

Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!

Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way stretch cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on FREE TRIAL. Mail the coupon right now!

FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

POSTURE BAD?
Got a 'Bay Window'?

DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?



YOU NEED A
"CHEVALIER"!

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc.—and mail TODAY!

2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined... how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



SEND NO MONEY: MAIL COUPON JUST

RONNIE SALES, INC. Dept. 2704-E
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my FREE pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is.....
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name

Address

City and Zone..... State.....

Save 6¢ postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same Free Trial and refund privilege.

GEE what a build!
Didn't it take a long
time to get those muscles?

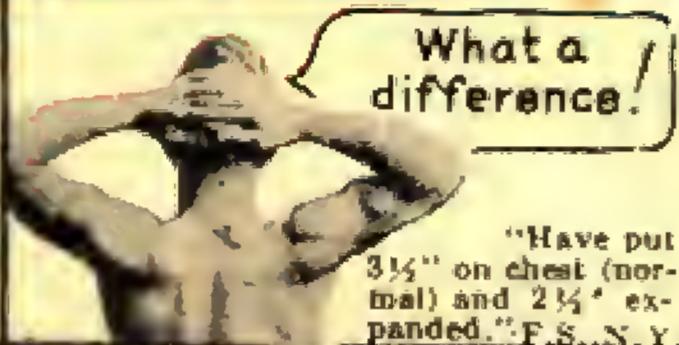
No SIR! — ATLAS
Makes Muscles Grow
FAST!

Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU



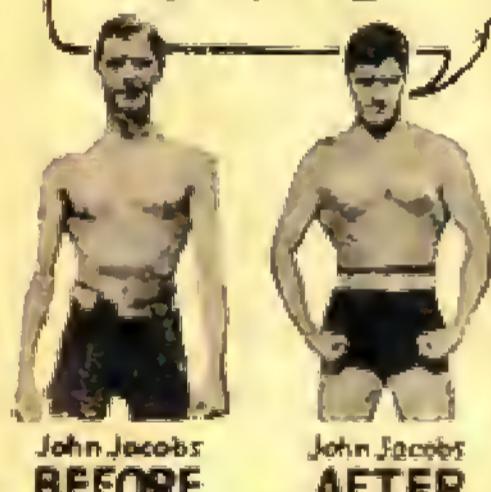
"My arms increased 1 1/2"; chest 2 1/2"; fore-arm 1 1/2". — C. S., W. Va.



What a difference!

"Have put 3 1/2" on chest (normal) and 2 1/2" expanded." — F. S., N. Y.

Here's what ATLAS did for ME!



John Jacobs
BEFORE

John Jacobs
AFTER

For quick results I recommend CHARLES ATLAS

"Am sending snapshot showing wonderful progress." — W. G., N. J.



GAINED

29
POUNDS

"When I started, weighed only 141. Now 170." — T. K., N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in international contest — in competition with ALL men who would contest to appear against him.

This is a recent photo of Charles Atlas. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.



Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

[DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man

physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

FREE BOOK 'Everlasting Health and Strength'

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today—at ONCE. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 376Q, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York.

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115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name Age
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State